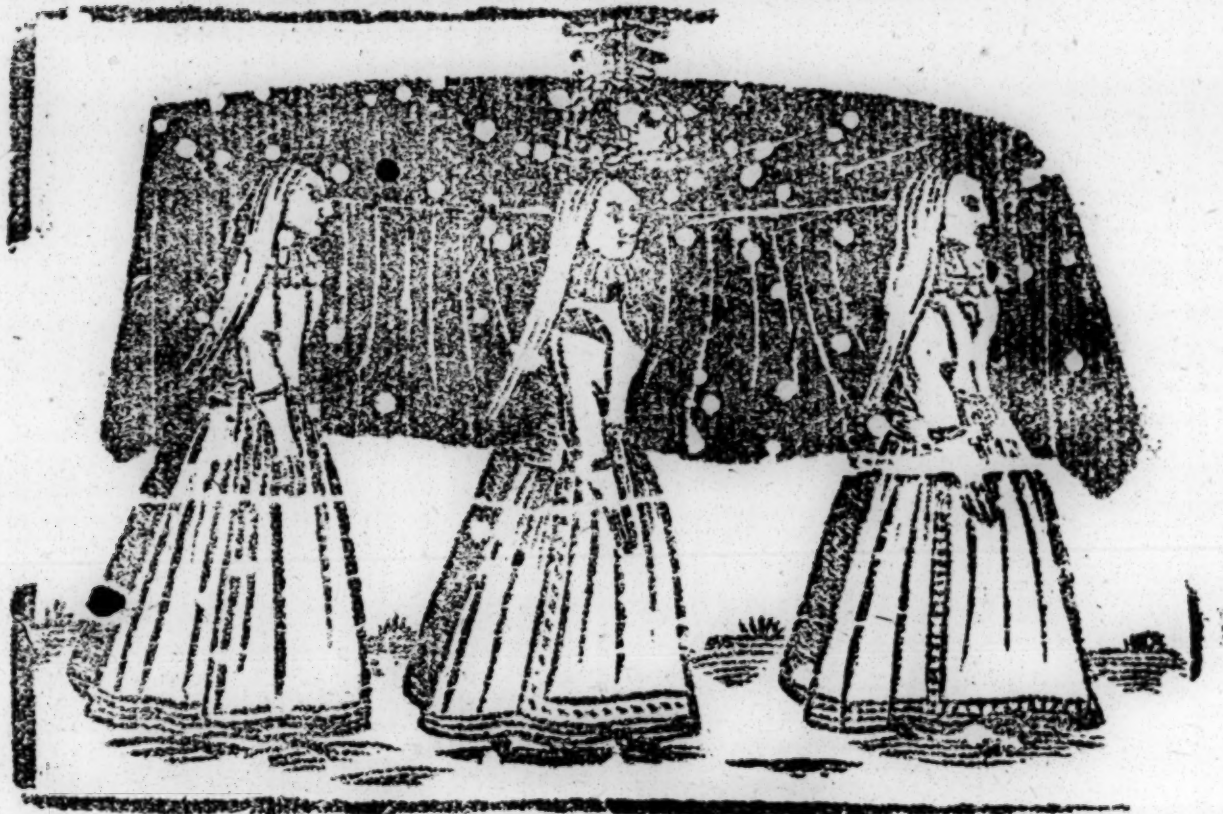


# The Brides Burial.

The Tune is,

The Ladies Fall,

59



Come mourn, come mourn with me,  
You loyal Lovers all,  
Lament my losse in weeds of woe,  
Whom griping grief doth thral:  
Like to the dropping Wine,  
cut by the Gardners knife  
Even so my heart with sorrow slain,  
doth bleed for my sweet wife.  
By death that grisly Ghost,  
my Turtle-Dove is slain,  
And I am left unhappy man  
to spend my days in pain.  
Her beauty late so bright,  
like Roses in their prime,  
Is wasted like the mountains snow,  
by force of Phebus shine.  
Her fair red coloured cheeks,  
now pale and wan her eyes,  
That late did shine like Chrystal Sars,  
alas their light it dies:  
Her pretty lilly hands,  
with fingers long and small,  
In colour like the earthly clay,  
yea cold and stiffe withal.  
When as the morning star,  
her golden gates had spread,  
And that the glistering Sun arose  
forth from fair Thetis bed.

Then did my Love awake,  
most like a Lilly flower,  
And as the lovely Queen of heaven,  
so shone she in her bower.  
Attired was she then,  
like Flora in her pride,  
As fair as any of Diana's Nymphs,  
so lovt my loving Bride.  
And as fair Hellens face,  
gave Grecian dames the lurch,  
So did my deer exceed in sight,  
all Virgins in the Church.  
When he had knit the knot,  
of holy wedlock band,  
Like Alabaster joyn'd to set,  
so stood we hand in hand:  
Then loe a chilling cold  
struck every vital part,  
And griping grief like pangs of death,  
seiz'd on my true loves heart.  
Down in a swoond she fell,  
as cold as any stone,  
Like Venus picture lacking life,  
so was my love brought home:  
At length a Rose red,  
throughout her comely face,  
As Phebus beams with watry clouds,  
recovered for a space.





**T**hen with a grievous groan,  
 And voice both hoarse and dry,  
 Farewel quoth she my loving friend,  
 for I this day must die:  
 The messenger of God,  
 with golden trumpet I see,  
 With many other Angels more,  
 which sound and call for me.  
 Instead of musick sweet  
 go toll my passing bell,  
 And with sweet flowers strow my grave,  
 that in my chamber smell.  
 Strip off my brides array,  
 my Cork shoes from my feet,  
 And gentle Mother be not coy  
 to bring my winding-sheet.  
 My wedding dinner dress,  
 bestow upon the poor,  
 And on the hungry needy man  
 that craveth at the door:  
 Instead of Virgins young  
 my Bride-bed for to see,  
 Go cause some curious Carpenter  
 to make a Chest for me.  
 My Bride-laces of silk,  
 be stow on Maidens meet,  
 May fitly serve when I am dead.  
 to tie my hands and feet:  
 And thou my lover true,  
 my husband and my friend,  
 Let me intreat thee here to stay,  
 untill my life doth end.  
 Now leave to talk of love,  
 and humbly on your knee,  
 Direct your prayers unto God,  
 but mourn no more for me;  
 In love as we have liv'd,  
 in love let us depart,

And I in token of my love,  
 do kiss thee with my heart.  
 Stanch these bootlesse tears,  
 thy weeping is in vain,  
 I am not lost for ye in heaven  
 shall one day meet again.  
 With that she turn'd aside,  
 as one dispos'd to sleep,  
 And like a lamb departed life,  
 whose friends did sorely weep.  
 Her true love seeing this,  
 did fetch a grievous groan,  
 As though his heart should burst in two  
 and thus he made his moan.  
 O dismal and unhappy day,  
 a day of grief and care,  
 That hath bereft the Sun so high,  
 whose beams refresh the Air.  
 Robb'd unto the world,  
 and all that therein dwell,  
 That I were with thee in Heaven,  
 for here I live in hell.  
 And now this Lover lives  
 a discontented life,  
 Whose Bride was brought unto the  
 a Maiden and a Wife. (grave)  
 A Garland fresh and fair  
 of Lillies there was made,  
 In sign of her Virginitie,  
 and on her Coffin laid:  
 Six Maidens all in white,  
 did bear her to the ground,  
 The Bells did ring in solemn sort,  
 and made a doleful sound.  
 In earth they laid her then,  
 for hungry worms a prey,  
 So shall the fairest fate alive,  
 at length be brought to clay.